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From the European Magazine.

LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.

By the Author of Extracts from a Lawyer's Portfolio.

THE PARISIAN—(Concluded from page 3.)

NO one appeared to regard what interwoven. These symbols, once these words implied: and her considered sacred to the deity of character, contrasted with Henrielle's, resembled the Provençal marriage, caused a smiling change in the receiver's aspect, while the rose, whose cold whiteness is Baron gravely cast his eyes on the scarcely tinged with a blush, compared to the bright scarlet tulip. letter brought to him by the giver. But the assembly's attention was An impenetrable mauvaise honte diverted by the entrance of an aged and blind woman, supported by her covered talents which she really children, who led her towards the possessed, while an air always easy, queen of the festival. She carried rival that elegance which is said to be the result of conscious dignity and tranquil happiness. The Baroness, once herself the reigning belle of Paris, determined to raise her new favourite to the same height by splendid and incessant galas. On her birth-day, according to the graceful custom still preserved there, Henrielle presided at a festival designed for its celebration; and flowers, the usual tributes, were brought in beautiful abundance to the pavillion where she sat.

A young stranger, pressing through the crowd, placed himself near her. "Your father," said he, "could not send his favourite flowers to-day, but he charged me to offer this substitute—" and he presented a bouquet of jewels, arranged to represent a poppy and a lily

"I have nothing more to offer, mademoiselle!" said she; "but these roses are fresh from the tree your good father planted in my garden."—"Ah, Madelon!" exclaimed Henriana, springing towards her—"I have heard him name his kind nurse a thousand times, and that rose-tree was planted on my birth-day!"—"Who are you?" replied the old paysanne—"when he planted it, he did not tell me that he had a daughter."—"No, Madelon," interposed Henrielle, gently taking the flowers from her basket—"on that day your niece Suzette had rejected her lover Lubin by placing nuts on the table, according to your Provençal custom; and he comforted him by a promise to take him to Paris as his

valet."—"It is the very words of my dear young lord!" returned Madelon, clasping her hands in rapture—"but tell me, is poor Suzette living yet?"—Henrielle hesitated, as if fearful to give the poor paysanne affliction: and before she could determine how to reply, a dove flew into the pavillion, and alighted on Henriana's shoulder. It had a paper attached to its foot, inscribed, "*To detect a counterfeit.*" Every eye was fixed on her face, which varied a thousand times from the whiteness of fear and shame, to that deep red supposed to announce guilt. But, instead of spurning the innocent bearer of this testimony against her, she allowed it to nestle in her bosom; and, shedding tears, whispered—"Poor bird!—an enemy has employed thee, but thou hast not forgotten me."—Henrielle smiled on her with a gracious air, as if desiring her to confide in her friendship. And collecting the flowers which had been brought as tributes, with an air of badinage apparently contrived to relieve Henriana, she said—"Are there counterfeits among these offerings?—we will submit them, then, to the ordeal both of fire and water." All admired the benevolent attempt to divert attention from the humbled culprit, and the grace with which she dipped the flowers into a perfumed vase, and placed them round the edge of a lamp burning on an antique tripod. But the flowers were all artificial, and the flame, spreading among them, seized the drapery attached to the pavillion, and the conflagration was general in a few instants. The young stranger, whose gallant gift had introduced him to Henrielle, lost not a moment in carrying her out of the reach of danger; but Henriana, inattentive to herself, caught the blind paysanne in her arms, and saved her from the flames which had already fastened on her.

"One would think," said the Baroness, with a scornful air, "that this young woman recognised a relative in our old Madelon! and I no longer remember—her pert niece Suzette followed our son's Gascon valet to Paris. Since Henriana has evidently no claims to nobility, we cannot give her a fitter retreat than her grand aunt's cottage in Provence."—"She has nobility at heart, at least," replied M. de Salency—"and if it endures the test next prepared for it, I am satisfied." Without explaining this speech, he descended to the saloon, where the rival claimants were seated; and addressing himself to Henrielle, unfolded the packet brought by the young chevalier Florival. It contained a letter from her father, recommending him to her favour as a suitor highly enriched by nature, though not by fortune, and giving his paternal blessing to their union. Henrielle heard it with the smile of conscious beauty, and a painful glance of mock indifference: the father, perhaps, would have been more gratified if they had been checked by a tender and grateful remembrance of the absent writer. But he withdrew without comment, and returned accompanied by Florival, whose flushed cheek and downcast eye expressed a timid, yet proud, dependence on the recommendation of Henrielle's father. She received him with a charming mixture of assumed unconsciousness and careless encouragement which her grand mother secretly applauded, as the perfection of that coquetry she had once practised herself.—"In your presence," said Florival, looking respectfully towards the Baroness, "I may request your grand-daughter's acceptance of this pledge, which her father hoped you would permit her to attach with her own hand to the pearl necklace she received from her mother. It was once your gift,

and he promised to fill up the vacant place in it when he had found what he thought worthy"—And he produced an emerald heart, evidently adapted to some peculiar repository; but his gallant allusion to the colour of hope which tinged it, did not produce the smile he probably expected. Henrielle was silent till the Baron requested her to comply with her father's wishes:—then, looking compassionately at Henriana, she replied, "It was in my possession yesterday, but it is mine no longer;"—and when repeated questions extorted fuller answers, she reluctantly implied that her pearls had been stolen during the confusion caused by the burning pavillion. Henriana remained mute; but the quick heavings of her bosom announced her interest in this scene; and the intelligent glance of accusation cast on her by Henrielle turned Florival's thoughts towards her. He had not yet heard the mysterious tale of her supposed imposture; and her mourning dress, her retiring attitude, and modest eyes, over which she had drawn her fine hair embellished only by a simple sprig from the rose-tree loved by her father, fixed his pity and attention.—"Speak that we may see you," says an old philosopher who had the benefit of a woman's instruction. Florival understood this hint, and he addressed his conversation to Henriana, hoping to penetrate her character. If he had been touched by the meek simplicity of her aspect, he was now impressed by what might be called the holiness of innocence in her calm and proud reserve. But the Baroness, enraged at the suspicion which the absence of the necklace seemed to excite in her husband, busied herself in publick and vehement complaints of the theft. The pearls had been often worn by her, were of the richest oriental kind, and of a shape so singular that they could be easily identified. All the

domesticks and spectators employed on the day of the fête were traced by police-officers but no discovery resulted. Florival, apparently heedless of the event, continued his visits at the Baron's hotel, where he was received with vague, but inviting blandishments by Henrielle, and with placid coldness by Henriana. As his regard seemed fixed on the prosperous heiress, the latter gradually avoided his presence, and left him in full enjoyment of the wit and smiles which had attained such celebrity. On one of these occasions, she absented herself to seek Madelon's humble residence, and offer her a price for the cherished rose-tree. She found her knitting in her little garden-porch with the happy thoughtlessness of second childhood; but at the first glance Henriana recognised the pearl necklace hanging round her neck! A moment was given to silent astonishment before she inquired by what means it had fallen into her possession.—"This?" returned the old paysanne, stroaking her sunburnt throat—"this was my grand-son's gift on my saint's day."—"Madelon!" said Henriana, gently detaining her hand—"recollect yourself—these pearls belong to the family De Salency!"—The blind woman started up with a fierce gesture—"Wretch! vile wretch! you have profited by my blindness to steal my necklace, and substitute another!"—Her cries brought a robust young man from the interior of her habitation; but as he ran to her assistance, he appeared to recognise Henriana, and hesitated. "Speak for me, Lubin!" exclaimed his grandmother: "You well know I have no pearls—the chain you gave me was of beads."—Lubin hung down his head, and a deep blush rose even to his forehead—"Mademoiselle, pardon and believe me!—I was tempted—I was paid to bring your dove to the pavilion with the billet written by—by

her who wore the necklace of pearls:—they were dropped near me—I did not guess their value, and—I gave them to La Bonne.”—“Well,” replied Henriana, “she loved my father, and you are safe—Dare you confide the pearls to me?”—The rich glow of Lubin’s heart burned through his saffron cheek—“Gracious lady!—you saved my helpless grandmother from the flames, and we owe you the service of our whole lives.”—Henriana replied, “The time may come when you shall receive more than the value of these pearls:—let Madelon accompany me.”

The old paysanne rested on her grand-son’s arm, and followed Henriana to the Hôtel de Salency. In the vestibule they met Florival; and advancing a few steps to meet him, Henriana said, “Chevalier, the lost prize is recovered!—it fell into the hands of this blind woman, and was worn by her without consciousness of its worth.”—“I know it already,” he answered;—“but Henrielle has denounced her to the police, and its agents are on their way to her residence—I was hastening thither myself to favour her escape:—let her depart now, for the vengeance will be as sudden as the suspicion.”—“What! on her father’s fostermother!” interrupted Henriana, indignantly—“dares Henrielle shew cruelty even there!—take back these pearls, chevalier, since you have brought a bauble to attach to them—give them to your chosen bride, and say they were redeemed by yourself—at your request, perhaps, she will spare this aged woman.”—“I will protect Madelon, assuredly” replied Florival—“but the heart I brought will never belong to Henrielle—her’s is incapable of gratitude, bounty, or compassion. They tell me she has been educated for ornament and refinement, but she has neither been ornamented completely nor refined enough. Flowers are scattered on

the surface of her character, but none grow there. The benevolence which ornaments social life, the refinement which governs thoughts and actions, are wholly unknown to her. Self is the sole motive of her graces, her blandishments, and even her virtues, which she assumes not because they are feminine, but because they create her power. It is a power, however, which extends no farther than her own flattered imagination, and I disclaim it from this hour.”—“Her presence will renew it, chevalier!” returned Henriana, smiling.—“No, madame—the vapid remains of wit and beauty exhausted in publick crowds would not satisfy me—I expected to find a heart capable of gratitude to an absent father, sincerity to a modest claimant, and tenderness to helpless old age. I have found one, but not in Henrielle.”—“Be well assured before you decide,” said the Baron, entering—“I have brought a final arbitrator.”—Florival saw the father of Henrielle, and started back.—“Do you fear to be assured of this young beauty’s poverty?” added the old Lord, sternly.—“No, Baron!” returned his young favourite, still retreating—“I only fear to find her unworthy.”—“This,” said Henri de Salency, “is my own Henrielle—my only acknowledged daughter. Her rival, who has wisely taken refuge in flight, obtained the documents and credentials she possessed by a theft which her wretched mother committed, to exalt a daughter whose existence is my reproach. The child of my virtuous wife has shewn the softness and purity of soul which, like the *poppy* and the *lily*, are the best symbols of domestick happiness;—the pain inflicted by her sister’s imposture was a penalty I well deserved, by believing that splendid talents might cover a depraved heart, or atone for its unworthiness.”

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS

OF THE ARRONDISSEMENT REMIREMONT, IN LORRAINE:

From the Literary Gazette.

THE arrondissement of Remiremont, in the department of the Vosges in Lorraine, has several remarkable customs respecting marriages.

On the wedding-day, the guests assemble in the bridegroom's house, who brings them, in company with his father, to his bride. On their way thither not a gun must be fired, for such a sign of joy would be considered a blameable presumption, so long as they are not sure of obtaining the bride. The procession moves in the following order: first, the father of the bridegroom, then the bridegroom, then his friend, and the young people invited. When they arrive at the house of the bride, the father of the bridegroom asks the father of the bride, who sits quietly at her spinning-wheel, and dressed in her everyday clothes, if he will permit his daughter to join the party, and go with them to mass? He answers, that he thanks them for their kind invitation, and accepts it. Now the girls who have assembled at the bride's house, immediately begin to look for her shoes.* As soon as they are found, the girls withdraw with the bride, and employ themselves in another apartment in dressing her. Meanwhile the parents place themselves round the fireside, and praise the young couple; but flattery does not dishonour their conversation, nor do they

ever carry their praise too far, they only say what is proper, and agreeable to truth: The bridegroom is a good farmer, or a good cheesemaker; he carefully attends the meadows and the cattle; he is a skilful ploughman, or nobody threshes better, and nobody makes a better bargain. The bride is well behaved, modest, and handsome: she is quick at spinning: she understands milking and churning, is a good housewife; takes care of her father and mother, and rejoices her parents by her mild and obedient disposition.

During this conversation the girls appear again, and fasten ribbon and laurel to the button-holes of the clothes of those whom they choose for their leaders.

As soon as they have finished dressing the bride, all the girls assemble in the room; but the young men remain in the kitchen.† Then the father of the bridegroom comes forward, and addresses the father of the bride:‡ “In consequence of the betrothing of my son to your daughter, I come to ask her in marriage in the name of my son, now here present, who will make of her a good honest housewife.”—The polite manner in which you urge your request, prevents me from refusing you, particularly as it is for her happiness; but before I grant it, permit me to ask you whither

* Plutarch says the Egyptian women wore no shoes, that they might not too often go from their father's houses; probably the losing the shoes of the country girls in Lorraine is founded on the same motive.

† The room in which the girls are, is kept as sacred as the gynæceum, or the women's apartment, among the ancients.

‡ A similar dialogue takes place at the marriages of the peasants of Bretagne. See Cumbry, *Voyage dans le Finistère*, vol. iii. p. 164.

you intend to take her?"§—"To Cluria."—"But are not the roads, which lead to that village, bad?"||—"I assure you that the road is bordered on both sides with green sward."—"I must however observe to you, that the person whose hand you seek acts as my housekeeper, and that I can give her to you only under one consideration."*—"What is that?"—"That you supply her place with another who suits me, as I am, I may say, alone; my household would go to ruin if my daughter were taken from me."—"I must confess that you will suffer a great loss; but when a girl has attained a certain age, she must think of settling: the sight of an affectionate couple is much more agreeable to God, than the sight of an old bachelor."—"If that is the case, the person you ask for, is just now in our garden; she is shewing her friends how to take care of roses; if she is not too much engaged, I will bring her to you."

After this he fetches the bride's-maid, and presents her to the father of the bridegroom, saying; "I have not been long gone to fetch you the person you desire." "She is handsome, indeed, and appears to be in good health; however she is not the one whom I wish for." The father of the bride (presenting another.) "I have again looked in our garden, I hope I have made no mistake this time."—"I am sorry to tell you that she is not the person you are so kind as to present to me; however, as she appears to be as

modest as handsome, she is I think deserving of a good husband, and will soon find one who will make her happy."† [In case the godfather is to supply the place of the father of the bride, he fetches his own daughter, or one of his nearest relations, and presents her to the father of the bridegroom, saying, "Here is one, who, I believe, is not the same whom you desired; but as she is quick and industrious, you might dispose of her to a friend of yours."] The father of the bridegroom, "All the girls you have presented to me, appear to me to possess the best qualities. Certainly none of them would make a husband unhappy, or give her daughters a bad example; however, none of them is the one whom my son's heart has chosen, and, if you will permit me, I will go myself into the garden, and, as I hope, find her soon."—"I will not give you this trouble; however, you see that in our garden there are flowers of all kinds of colours and fine odours; the finest mostly prefer the cool shade." He now approaches the bride, who is distinguished from the other girls by her black dress,‡ and her broad silver girdle, her crown, which is fastened to her cap, and by her pocket-handkerchief, which she has in her hand; and says, "Here is one, who from her mildness, modesty, and virtue, might be the one you seek for."—"Yes, that is she; my wish is ful-

§ This question is always put: it shews in an affectionate manner, the paternal care, and the fear that his daughter should go too far from him.

|| The parental care again shews itself here.

* If there be any more sisters, this observation is notwithstanding made; most likely to give the bride a greater value.

† If there be only one girl present at the marriage, the same is introduced several times; of this introduction the girls are not a little proud. If one girl is passed over unnoticed, she thinks herself disgraced.

‡ The black dress is thought by the inhabitants of Lorraine the most modest, and is therefore chosen as the most proper for a young married woman. The girdle is also among them, as among the Greeks, the symbol of modesty.

filled." The father of the bride and mother, I will give her to you : now makes a short speech to his daughter, in which he represents the holiness of matrimony, reminds her of the duties of a wife and a mother, and sets before her the example of that useful domestick animal the hen. § Then he takes his daughter by the hand, presents her to the father of the bridegroom, and says, 'And you, my old friend, because you have promised for your son to make her a good housewife

may she strengthen the bond of our friendship.' The father of the bridegroom presents her to his son, and says, "I give you this companion, in the hope that you will fulfil the duty of a good husband."

The bride kneels to receive her father's blessing : the same is done by all the company. The blessing is preceded by a simple, and frequently very affecting exhortation, at which the young couple and the company often shed tears : as soon as the speech is finished, they all proceed to the church.

§ The custom of representing the hen as a pattern for a wife and a mother, is also very ancient.

(To be concluded.)

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.—TWELFTH DAY.

(From the same.)

DR DRAKE in his recent work, "*Shakespear and his Times*," gives a curious and entertaining account of this remarkable holiday, and as this sheet of our publication will be in many hands on its anniversary, we hope a transcription of the history in question will not be deemed unacceptable.

"To the rejoicings on New Year's tide succeeded, after a short interval, the observance of the Twelfth Day, so called from its being the twelfth day after the nativity of our Saviour, and the day on which the *Eastern Magi*, guided by the star, arrived at Bethlehem, to worship the infant Jesus.

"This festive day, the most celebrated of the twelve for the peculiar conviviality of its rites, has been observed in this kingdom ever since the reign of Alfred, 'in whose days,' says Collier, 'a law was made with relation to holidays, by virtue of which, the *twelve days after the Nativity of our Saviour* were made Festivals.'

"In consequence of an idea which seems generally to have prevailed, that the *Eastern Magi* were kings, this day has been frequently termed the *feast of the three kings*; and many of the rites with which it is attended, are founded on this conception : for it was customary to elect, from the company assembled on this occasion, a king or queen, who was usually elevated to this rank by the fortuitous division of a cake, containing a bean, or a piece of coin ; and he or she to whom this symbol of distinction fell, in dividing the cake, was immediately chosen king or queen, and then forming their ministers or court from the company around, maintained their state and character until midnight.

"The *Twelfth Cake* was almost always accompanied by the *Wassail Bowl*, a composition of spiced wine or ale, or mead, or metheglin, into which was thrown roasted apples, sugar, &c. The term *Wassail*, which in our elder poets is connected

with much interesting imagery, and many curious rites, appears to have been first used in this island during the well-known interview between Vortigern and Rowena. Geoffrey of Monmouth relates, on the authority of Walter Calenius, that this lady, the daughter of Hengist, knelt down, on the approach of the king, and presenting him with a cup of wine, exclaimed, 'Lord King *Wæs heil*,' that is, literally, 'Health be to you.' Vortigern being ignorant of the Saxon language, was informed by an interpreter, that the purport of these words was to wish him health, and that he should reply by the expression, *drinc-heil*, or 'drink the health:' accordingly, on his so doing, Rowena drank, and the king receiving the cup from her hand, kissed and pledged her.

'Health, my Lord King,' the sweet Rowena
said;
Health,' cried the chieftain to the Saxon
maid;
Then gaily rose, and 'mid the concourse
wide,
Kis'd her hale lips, and placed her by his
side.
At the soft scene, such gentle thoughts
abound,
That healths and kisses 'mongst the guests
went round:
From this the social custom took its rise;
We still retain, and still must keep the prize.
Paraphrase of Robert of Gloucester:

"Since this period, observes the historian, the custom has prevailed in Britain of using these words whilst drinking; the person who drank to another saying *was-heil*, and he who received the cup answering *drinc-heil*.

"It soon afterwards became a custom in villages on Christmas-eve, New Year's Eve, and Twelfth Night, for itinerant minstrels to carry to the houses of the gentry and others, where they were generally very hospitably received, a bowl of spiced wine, which being presented with the Saxon words just mention-

ed, was therefore called a *Wassail-bowl*. A bowl or cup of this description was also to be found in almost every nobleman's or gentleman's house, (and frequently of massy silver,) until the middle of the seventeenth century, and which was in perpetual requisition during the revels of Christmas."

[Hence we have the word *Wassel*, synonymous for carousing and joviality.]

"During the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. the celebration of the Twelfth Night was, equally with Christmas Day, a festival through the land, and was observed with great ostentation and ceremony in both the Universities, at court, at the Temple, and at Lincoln's and Gray's-inn. Many of the masques of Ben Jonson were written for the amusement of the royal family on this night: and Dugdale in his *Origines Judicales*, has given us a long and particular account of the revelry at the Temple on each of the twelve days of Christmas, in the year 1562. It appears from this document, that the hospitable rites of St. Stephen's day, St. John's day, and Twelfth day, were ordered to be exactly alike; and as many of them are in their nature perfectly rural, and were, there is every reason to suppose, observed to a certain extent in the halls of the country gentry and substantial yeomanry, a short record here, of those that fall under this description, cannot be deemed inapposite.

"The breakfast on Twelfth Day is directed to be of brawn, mustard, and malmsey; the dinner of two courses to be served in the hall, and after the first course 'cometh in the master of the game, apparelled in green velvet; and the Ranger of the Forest also, in a green suit of satin; bearing in his hand a green bow and divers arrows, with either of them a hunting horn about their necks: blowing together

three blasts of venery, they pace round about the fire three times. Then the Master of the Game maketh three curtesies,' kneels down, and petitions to be admitted into the service of the Lord of the Feast.

"This ceremony performed, a huntsman cometh into the hall, with a fox and a purse-net, with a cat, both bound at the end of a staff; and with them nine or ten couple of hounds, with the blowing of hunting horns. And the fox and cat are by the hounds set upon, and killed beneath the fire. This sport finished, the Marshal, an officer so called, who, with many others different appellations, were created for the purpose of conducting the revels, placeth them in their several appointed places.

"After the second course, the 'ancientest of the Masters of the Revels singeth a song, with the assistance of others there present;' and after some repose and revels, supper, consisting of two courses, is then served in the hall, and being ended, 'the Marshal presenteth himself with drums afore him, mounted upon a scaffold, born by four men; and goeth three times around about the harthe, crying out aloud, 'a Lord, a Lord,' &c. then he descendeth, and goeth to dance.

"This done, the Lord of Misrule addresseth himself to the Banquet; which endeth with some ministralsye, mirth and dancing, every man departeth to rest.

"Herrick, who was the contemporary of Shakspeare for the first twenty-five years of his life, that is, from 1591 to 1616, has given us the following curious and pleasing account of the ceremonies of Twelfth Night, as we may suppose them to have been observed in almost every private family.

TWELFTH NIGHT,

OR KING AND QUEEN.

Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums,
Where Beane's the king of the sport here;
Beside, we must know,
The Pea also
Must revell, as Queene, in the court here.

Begin then to chuse
This night as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here;
Be the King by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfe-day Queen for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unwig'd will not drinke
To the base from the brink
A health to the King and the Queen here.

Next crowne the bowle full
With gentle lambs-wooll;
Adde sugar, nutmeg and ginger,
With store of ale too;
And thus we must doe
To make the *Wassaile* a swinger.

Give then to the King
And Queen wassailling;
And though with all ye be whet here,
Yet part ye from hence,
And free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

Herrick's Hesperides.

From the (London) Monthly Magazine, Sept. 1818.

THE MAD HOUSE.

From the French.

I TRAVELLED the road from Paris to Charenton, and, arriving at the hospital, Monsieur C—— gratified my desire of inspecting an establishment which he governs with a zeal worthy of the highest eulogium. "Madness," said he, as we traversed the first court, "is, when well considered, only an excessive

development of the vices, the caprice, and the follies, which exist in society. The world presents an infinite number of species, which may, however, be classed under three heads—*phrenzy*, *mania*, and *imbecility*. To the first belong all the violent passions, and the numerous family of vices, crimes, and excesses, which they produce; in the second, may be ranged the most prejudicial defects, and most marked follies; the third comprehends the innumerable varieties of this malady of the human mind, which reduces man to the state of a plant; from whence it arises. (said the doctor, laughing,) that society is sometimes compared to a *platte-band*.”

We approached the quarters of the furious, whose howlings redoubled when they saw us through the bars of their cells. I stopped for a moment to look at a man of an attenuated form, whose looks were more wicked than fierce, and who menaced us with a smile; whose cruel expression could never be imitated, except by the first of our tragedians.* “This wretch,”† said our guide, “is a man of distinguished birth, to whom Nature gave the heart of a tiger, and the genius of an ape; the days of his youth were marked by crimes, which he dared publicly to apologize for in more advanced years. As a punishment, he was deprived of the power of doing mischief; he became mad, and, for want of other victims, it is now on himself that he vents his fury. His existence accuses the justice of the laws; his madness has avenged the publick morals.” We speedily left this miscreant, who took leave of us with this charitable warning—

* Talma.

† The Marquis de Sade.

“Make yourselves easy! I will take upon myself the trouble of having you flayed alive.”

His neighbour did not appear less agitated, though more an object of commiseration. He articulated, in a low voice, phrases without connexion; the burthen of which, however, was, the words “*wife*” “*rival*,” and “*false toupee*.” This last word figured so singularly in his tragical complaints, that I requested an explanation of it from the doctor. “There is, in truth,” said he, “something very risible, if not in the misfortune of this poor man, at least in the cause of it. He is very ugly, as you see, but he was also very rich; and therefore it was not astonishing that he married a very handsome woman, of a rank above his own. Naturally jealous, the levity of his wife furnished him with frequent occasions of giving away to this failing. He had, or fancied he had, a rival, a young man on whom nature had prodigally bestowed every physical advantage, except on the head; some parts of which were so ill provided with hair, that he was obliged to have recourse to the industrious hand of Harmand, or Michal-long. In a word, he wore those fragments of a peruke known by the name of ‘*mouches*.’ I will not tell you how, or in what place, this suspicious husband found the sample of a coiffure, which disturbed him so much respecting his own; but from this moment hell was in his head, his jealousy became a delirium, and his reason evaporated in the most furious paroxysms. The very sight of a woman raises him to a pitch of rage, of which it is difficult to form an idea.” It was impossible for me to support the sight of these torments, and we entered the quarter of the maniacs; some of whom Monsieur C—— described as he passed their chambers.

"This one," said he, pointing out a man who walked backward and forward, with a speaking-trumpet of paste-board in his hand, "was the captain of a privateer; after a brilliant cruize he was taken in sight of port, with all his prize-money, by a frigate, which he fought for two hours with the greatest intrepidity. This misfortune deprived him of his reason; he believes he is still on board his vessel, engaged in the combat that was so fatal to him; and he calls out incessantly, "*Fire the magazine!*"

The chamber adjoining was grotesquely ornamented with strips of tinsel, and was occupied by poor T——, whom I knew formerly in society, attacked by a mania of a different kind, and much more ridiculous. When he passed for a reasonable being, he was persuaded that the soul of man resided in his heel; and that dancing, in which he excelled, was, of all perfections, the one that brought us nearest the divinity! At present, he believes himself ambassador of the Great Mogul; adorned with *ribands* of all colours, he pleases himself with his chimerical grandeur, and gave audience in his cell at Charenton, with a dignity very amusing, and not altogether without model. What would he gain by being cured? He is no longer of an age for dancing, and with the return of reason would lose his embassy.

A little farther on dwelt a philosopher, who became mad from frequently repeating, on his own person, the experiments of Spallanzani upon frogs. His lodging place communicated with that of an old commentator, whose reason was extinguished in profound researches to discover whether the ancients wore perukes.

Their neighbour was the footman of a man of quality, whose brain got out of order, because he was not admitted to the honour of a place

behind the carriage of his master on a day of ceremony.

In passing across a corridor, to go to the quarter of the women, we saw a maniac on whom they were putting the straight waistcoat—"That man," said Monsieur C——, "was formerly a satirical writer; that trade is not without danger, and people in anger do not always look where they strike. In the last assault he had to sustain, his head came in contact with a cudgel, and moral alienation was the consequence; since he is mad, he has changed characters: he no longer writes against any one, but wishes to cudgel every body."

"Madness, among the women confined in this place, appeared to me to have, as in society, two characters, very distinct—*love* and *vanity*."

The first we visited was a species of *Aunt Aurora*,* whose brain had been bewildered by melancholy romances. Seated on the foot of her bed, an old guitar, without strings, in her hand, she believed herself on the banks of a torrent, or the point of a rock; and thrilled, with an almost extinguished voice, a song, in which the "*Bird of night*" and the "*Wind of the desert*" were not forgotten.

This maniac had, as a neighbour, a young girl, whose misfortunes interested me much more deeply. Abandoned by an unfaithful lover, the evening of the day fixed for her marriage, her heart was broken by mortification, and the loss of reason kindly restored the pleasing illusions which she had lost.

I expressed the astonishment I felt at seeing, in that place, a woman who exhibited no other mark of madness than that of believing herself thirty years younger than

* The French play of *Ma Tante Aurora*.

development of the vices, the caprice, and the follies, which exist in society. The world presents an infinite number of species, which may, however, be classed under three heads—*phrenzy*, *mania*, and *imbecility*. To the first belong all the violent passions, and the numerous family of vices, crimes, and excesses, which they produce; in the second, may be ranged the most prejudicial defects, and most marked follies; the third comprehends the innumerable varieties of this malady of the human mind, which reduces man to the state of a plant; from whence it arises. (said the doctor, laughing,) that society is sometimes compared to a *platteband*.”

We approached the quarters of the furious, whose howlings redoubled when they saw us through the bars of their cells. I stopped for a moment to look at a man of an attenuated form, whose looks were more wicked than fierce, and who menaced us with a smile; whose cruel expression could never be imitated, except by the first of our tragedians.* “This wretch,”† said our guide, “is a man of distinguished birth, to whom Nature gave the heart of a tiger, and the genius of an ape; the days of his youth were marked by crimes, which he dared publicly to apologize for in more advanced years. As a punishment, he was deprived of the power of doing mischief; he became mad, and, for want of other victims, it is now on himself that he vents his fury. His existence accuses the justice of the laws; his madness has avenged the publick morals.” We speedily left this miscreant, who took leave of us with this charitable warning—

* Talma.

† The Marquis de Sade.

“Make yourselves easy! I will take upon myself the trouble of having you flayed alive.”

His neighbour did not appear less agitated, though more an object of commiseration. He articulated, in a low voice, phrases without connexion; the burthen of which, however, was, the words “*wife*” “*rival*,” and “*false toupee*.” This last word figured so singularly in his tragical plaints, that I requested an explanation of it from the doctor. “There is, in truth,” said he, “something very risible, if not in the misfortune of this poor man, at least in the cause of it. He is very ugly, as you see, but he was also very rich; and therefore it was not astonishing that he married a very handsome woman, of a rank above his own. Naturally jealous, the levity of his wife furnished him with frequent occasions of giving away to this failing. He had, or fancied he had, a rival, a young man on whom nature had prodigally bestowed every physical advantage, except on the head; some parts of which were so ill provided with hair, that he was obliged to have recourse to the industrious hand of Harmand, or Michal-long. In a word, he wore those fragments of a peruke known by the name of ‘*mouches*.’ I will not tell you how, or in what place, this suspicious husband found the sample of a coiffure, which disturbed him so much respecting his own; but from this moment hell was in his head, his jealousy became a delirium, and his reason evaporated in the most furious paroxysms. The very sight of a woman raises him to a pitch of rage, of which it is difficult to form an idea.” It was impossible for me to support the sight of these torments, and we entered the quarter of the maniacs; some of whom Monsieur C—— described as he passed their chambers.

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* The French play of *Ma Tante Aurora*.

she really was ; smiling graciously at all the young men, and being convinced that no one could see her without falling in love with her. "If these are proofs of madness," said I, "where could we find room to lodge all who are afflicted in the same manner?"

I stopped a moment to behold a woman, whose madness is directly opposed to the cause that produced it. This lady, deprived of her reason by an excess of mystick devotion, now experienced a delirium of a very different nature ; it is impossible to divine to what suggestions she owes the ideas and images that necessarily present themselves to her mind, for the first

time, and which she announces in a language she could never have had an opportunity of hearing.

I was informed that Monsieur C—— had sought, in concerts and scenick exhibitions, executed by his patients, a means of operating or preparing their cure. I witnessed this double experiment ; but it did not appear to me that he had any just grounds for the hopes of success, which he still appears to entertain.

I returned to Paris to dine, and passed the evening in a very brilliant assembly, where I continued my remarks on fools, almost without perceiving that I had changed the place of observation.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MAN OF LETTERS.

From the Monthly Magazine.

FOREST HILL.

A SMALL village, situated on a pleasant hill, about three miles from Oxford, called Forest Hill, because it formerly lay contiguous to a forest, which has since been cut down. Milton chose this place of retirement after his first marriage ; and he describes the beauties of his retreat in that fine passage of his *L'Allegro* :

Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,

While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land ;
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe ;
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eyes hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures ;
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;

Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks, &c.

—It was neither the proper season of the year, nor time of the day, (says Sir W. Jones in his account of a visit to it,) to hear all the rural sounds, and see all the objects mentioned in this description ; but, by a pleasing concurrence of circumstances, we were saluted, on our approach to the village, with the musick of the mower and his scythe ; we saw the ploughman intent upon his labour, and the milkmaid returning from her country employment.

As we ascended the hill, the variety of beautiful objects, the agreeable stillness and natural simplicity of the whole scene, gave us the highest pleasure. We at length reached the spot, whence Milton undoubtedly took most of his images ;

it is on the top of the hill, from which there is a most extensive prospect on all sides: the distant mountains, that seemed to support the clouds, the villages and turrets, partly shaded with trees of the finest verdure, and partly raised above the groves that surrounded them; the dark plains and meadows of a greyish colour, where the sheep were feeding at large; in short, the view of the streams and rivers, convinced us that there was not a single useless or idle word in the above-mentioned description, but that it was a most exact and lively representation of nature. Thus will this fine passage, which has always been admired for its elegance, receive an additional beauty from its exactness. After we had walked, with a kind of poetical enthusiasm, over this enchanted ground, we returned to the village.

The poet's house was close to the church; the greatest part of it has been pulled down, and what remains belongs to an adjacent farm. I am informed that several papers in Milton's own hand were found by the gentleman who was last in possession of the estate. The tradition of his having lived there is current among the villagers: one of them shewed us a ruinous wall that made part of his chamber; and I was much pleased with another, who had forgotten the name of Milton, but recollected him by the title of The Poet.

It must not be omitted, that the groves near this village are famous for nightingales, which are so elegantly described in the *Pensieroso*. Most of the cottage windows are overgrown with sweet briars, vines, and honey-suckles; and that Milton's habitation had the same rustic ornament, we may conclude from his description of the lark bidding him good-morrow,

Thro' the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglandine;

for it is evident, that he meant a sort of honey-suckle by the eglandine; though that word is commonly used for the sweet briar, which he could not mention twice in the same couplet.

MAGO THE AGRICULTURIST.

There were books among the spoils of Carthage, which the senate bestowed on the family of Regulus. One of these books was "Mago, on Agriculture, in twenty-eight volumes"

GIORGIONE AND TITIAN.

Giorgione, the painting disciple of nature and Lionardo da Vinci, arriving (at an early period too) at a high pre-eminence in his art, and at the same time in the enjoyment of a most beautiful mistress, excited in Titian a desire of being better acquainted. Giorgione, suspecting no very pious intention of Titian towards him, sent him the following letter:—

SIR,—Your visits appear to me to be on two accounts, one of stealing my arts, the other of stealing my mistress; aware of your intention, I shall consider your future visits as intrusive, and likely to be attended with very serious consequences.

GIORGIONE.

Titian took the hint and withdrew.

EPITAPH.

Sofia Rivers was her name,
Only her beauty died;
Envy has nothing to proclaim,
Nor Flattery to hide.

TOLERANCE—TOLERATION.

Dr. Johnson says, that *tolerance* is a sound word, which signifies the power, or act, of enduring; and that *toleration* is a sound word, which signifies the allowance given to that which is not approved.

In this case the Irish catholicks want *tolerance*; for they bear with impatience the disabilities inflicted

by our laws. And the Anglican church wants *toleration*, for it withholds the allowance of civil rights, which it might vouchsafe.

Usage is somewhat at war with these definitions. We do not ascribe superiour *tolerance* to the protestant dissenters for enduring more patiently their privations. And the church claims *toleration*: not for allowing benefits, but for omitting to punish disagreement.

PALMARY.

That which deserves to be victorious, that which merits the palm, is called *palmarius* in Latin; whence has been formed an English adjective of rare occurrence, yet to be met with in such phrases as 'a palmary argument.' This adjective has escaped the record of Dr. Johnson.

SANTUEIL.

Santueil wrote many happy inscriptions, among others this for an organ :

Hic dociles venti resonant se carcere claudunt,
Et tantum accepta pro libertate rependunt.

IGNORANT PUN.

One of the Leclercs wrote a book, *Sur les Vers plats*, that is, On Tape-worms. An unlucky bibliographer quotes this work as a dissertation on insipid poetry.

STAGE COACHES.

In the year 1672, when throughout the kingdom only six stage-coaches were constantly going, a pamphlet was written by one John Cresset, of the Charter-house, for

their suppression, and among the many grave reasonings given against their continuance is the following:

—'These stage-coaches make gentlemen come to London upon every small occasion, which otherwise they would not do but upon urgent necessity; nay, the conveniency of the passage makes their wives often come up, who, rather than come such long journeys on horseback, would stay at home. Here, when they come to town they must presently be in the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats; and by these means get such a habit of idleness, and love to pleasure, that they are uneasy ever after.'

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

Bunyan took his work from a previous publication of Simon Patrick; and the bishop took his from a French metrical romance, entitled, *Peterinage de Vie humaine*.

FELL.

This substantive is in common use, and derives from the verb, *to fell*. 'A fell of trees.' 'He has made a fine fell among his grandfather's old oaks.' The word, however, is omitted in Johnson's Dictionary. We recommend it to the protection of Mr. Todd.

SUPERSTITION.

The instruction of the polished narrows, and the instruction of the vulgar extends the dominion of superstition. Why? Because superstition is a medium between ignorance and knowledge.

ECCENTRICITIES FOR EDINBURGH.

POEMS, by GEO. COLMAN the Younger.

MISS Plumptre tells us, that she travelled from London to Bristol for the purpose of embarking at Liverpool. Mr. Colman, we find, writes his book in London, and prints it in Edinburgh. He seems to think, that an author should resemble a leaper, and begin his career at some distance, in order to take a run. "Eccentricities," therefore, is a most appropriate name for this production; not nominal imitations; inasmuch as, while the centre of its attraction was to

be London, it went all the way to Edinburgh for its aphelion. The comet has now, however, appeared above our English horizon: we have pointed our glasses at it, and traced its course with no small pleasure, through the whole of its orbit down from its perihelion in the "Sun-poker," to the sign of the twins, in "Bunn and Bunt."

Indeed we do not hesitate to say, that we consider this, by far, the happiest of Mr. Colman's efforts. Where he condescends to the Hogarthisms of Peter Pindar, he surpasses his original; neither does he fall at all short, where he adopts the Flemish school of Pratt. But where he chooses to be himself, he may defy competition.

The most agreeable of his "Eccentricities," is "The Luminous Historian"—a story founded on Gibbon's amorous visit to a young damsel up an Alpine hill. We cannot resist inserting a stanza or two.

"Alas! he cried, pedestrious I depart,
To scale Olympus, and a Goddess find:
Not seeing her will almost break my heart,
And getting at her almost break my mind.
Never did body trifle so with mind!
So raise its projects, and so knock them flat!
Never was amorous lump of humankind
So elf-suspended between this and that;
So goaded by the flesh—so hindered by the fat!"

After he had happily surmounted

all these obstacles, and was seated beside his nymph,

"——— the Fair pursued
Her prattle, which on literature flowed;
Now changed her author, now her attitude,
And much more symmetry than learning
showed
Eudoxus watched her features, while they
glowed,
Till passion burst his puffy bosom's bound;
And, rescuing his cushion from its load,
Flounced on his knees, appearing like a
round
Large fillet of hot veal, just tumbling on the
ground"

At this spectacle, his Agnes laughs outright, and the sheepish lover tries to rise;

"But Fate and Corpulency seemed to say,
Here's a Petitioner that must for ever pray."

At last a servant came.

"Then heaved upon his legs the man
whose name
Is lifted up so high by never-dying Fame."

The stately stanza of Spencer, made fashionable again by Childe Harold, has a happy effect in this poem. The grotesque figures of Colman never danced better than to the dead march of Byron.

We cannot, however, conclude, without entering our decided protest against those indelicacies and indecencies which deform the volume. '*La mere ende fendra la lecture fillesa.*'

HOW TO BREAK ILL NEWS.

A DIALOGUE.

Scene. The rooms of Mr. G——, at Oxford.
Enter to him his father's steward.

MR. G. Ha! Jervas, how are you, my old boy? how do things go on at home?—**Steward.** Bad enough, your honour. The magpie's dead.—**Mr. G.** Poor Mag! so he is gone. How came he to die?—**Steward.** Over-ate himself, Sir.—**Mr. G.** Did he faith! a greedy dog! Why, what did he get that he liked so well?

—**Steward.** Horse-flesh, Sir; he died of eating horse-flesh.—**Mr. G.** How came he to get so much horse-flesh?—**Steward.** All your father's horses, Sir.—**Mr. G.** What! are they dead too?—**Steward.** Aye, Sir, they died of over-work.—**Mr. G.** And why were they over-worked, pray?—**Steward.** To carry water, Sir.—**Mr. G.** To carry water! And what were they carrying water for?

—Steward. Sure, Sir; to put out father.—Mr. G. My father gone the fire.—Mr. G. Fire! what fire? too!—Steward. Yes, poor gentle.—Steward. Oh, Sir, your father's man! he took to his bed as soon as house is burnt down to the ground. he heard of it.—Mr. G. Heard of —Mr. G. My father's house burnt what?—Steward. The bad news, down! and how came it set on fire? Sir, an' please your honour.—Mr. —Steward. I think, Sir, it must G. What! more miseries! more have been the torches—Mr. bad news!—Steward. Yes, Sir, G. Torches! what torches?—Stew- your bank has failed, and your ard. At your mother's funeral.— credit is lost, and you are not worth Mr. G. My mother dead!—Stew- a shilling in the world—I made ard. Ah! poor lady! she never bold, Sir, to come to wait on you looked up after it.—Mr. G. After to tell you about it, for I thought what?—Steward. The loss of your you would like to *hear the news*.

POETRY.

From the Literary Gazette.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

WHO ever vow'd unchanging love
That did not vow deceit?
This painful truth how many prove,
Yet call those moments sweet.
Who parts, that does not breathe despair?
But look through future years—
You'll find the smiles of one more fair
Have dried the lover's tears.
For oh! how many live to prove
That *absence* is the death of Love.
But Friendship is a holier name,
'Tis not a fickle breath
That ever changes;—still the same,
Unalter'd e'en in death.
It is a tie binds soul to soul
Across the foaming main;
Years ere they meet their course may roll,
But cannot break the chain.
For friends must part, and Friendship sigh,
But yet—it knows not how to die.
When prosperous days are gone and past,
Will Love, more constant, stay?
No, adverse Fate, like Winter's blast,
Sweeps Love with Joy away;
It seeks a bright, a sparkling gaze,
'Twas all it sought before:
'Twas faithful still in happier days,
And who can look for more?
For oh! how many live to prove
Adversity the Death of Love.
When bliss is fled, and wo and night
Succeed to joy and day,
The spark of Friendship burns more bright
To cheer us on our way.—
Who does not feel 'tis sweet to know,
When dark Misfortune low'rs,
We have a friend whose tears will flow
In sympathy with ours?
Friendship clings close when fortunes fly,
To prove it knows not how to die.

And some have lov'd—as guilty these
Through many a changing scene;
Until the face which once could please
Is not what it hath been.
Adversity such love as this
May not have pow'rs to chace;
It flies not with the days of bliss,
But with each youthful grace.
For oh! how many live to prove
That *Time* has been the Death of Love.
Who trusts to Friendship, brightly pure,
Will not be thus deceiv'd;
'Tis founded on a base more sure,
And ought to be believed.
The friendship that is known and tried
Doth wear a fairer line,
'Tis true in youth and beauty's pride,
When age appears 'tis true.
Beauty will fade, and lovers fly,
But Friendship knows not how to die.
Chelsea. HELEN.

ANTIQUATED BELLE.

“ And then her poor Mother! 'twould ruffle
a saint
To look at her caxon, pearl-powder, and
paint;
Her pads and her corsets are managed so
well,
Those who *follow* her sometimes may think
her a belle;
But when you o'ertake her, astonished you
find
She's a Gorgon *before*, though a Venus *be-
hind*!
A nondescript thing shuffled into Society,
Of age, youth, and folly, a motley variety;
The faults of both ages her manners unfold,
She *cannot* be young, and she *will not* be old;
Let her polish and varnish as much as she
will,
The rust of antiquity hangs on her still.